

John Brown,

AND

THE UNION RIGHT OR WRONG

SONGSTER:

Containing all the Celebrated

"JOHN BROWN" AND "UNION SONGS"

WHICH HAVE BECOME SO IMMENSELY POPULAR
THROUGHOUT THE UNION.

D. E. APPENDON & CO., PUBLISHERS,
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**John Brown,
A N D
“THE UNION RIGHT OR WRONG,”
SONGSTER.**

John Brown.

*Chorus...Glory, hally, hallelujah—
Glory, hally, hallelujah—
Glory, hally, hallelujah—
His soul's marching on!*

*Chorus...Glory, hally, hallelujah—
Glory, hally, hallelujah—
Glory, hally, hallelujah—
His soul's marching on!*

JOHN BROWN—CONCLUDED.

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
 John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
 John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
 His soul's marching on !

Chorus... Glory, hally, hallelujah—
 Glory, hally, hallelujah—
 Glory, hally, hallelujah—
 His soul's marching on !

His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
 His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
 His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
 They go marching on !

Chorus... Glory, hally, hallelujah—
 Glory, hally, hallelujah—
 Glory, hally, hallelujah—
 They go marching on !

They will hang Jeff. Davis on a northern apple tree,
 They will hang Jeff. Davis on a northern apple tree,
 They will hang Jeff. Davis on a northern apple tree,
 As they march along !

Chorus... Glory, hally, hallelujah—
 Glory, hally, hallelujah—
 Glory, hally, hallelujah—
 As they march along !

Now, three rousing cheers for the Union,
 Now, three rousing cheers for the Union,
 Now, three rousing cheers for the Union,
 As we are marching on !

Chorus... Glory, hally, hallelujah—
 Glory, hally, hallelujah—
 Glory, hally, hallelujah—
 As we are marching on !

The Union, Right or Wrong.

AS ORIGINALLY SUNG BY BEN. COTTON,
with immense applause.

OH, white folks, now I'se gwine to sing,
I feel jist in de mood ;
But I'll say de fust of anything,
I hope I don't intrude.
So now to dis ditty hark ye,
An' I wont detain you long ;
But I'll tell you dat dis darkey
Goes de Union, Right or Wrong.

Chorus :

Lor' bless your souls,
You all know 'tis my impression,
Dere's nothing in dis world
Like our nation great an' strong ;
De people nowadays
Are death on traitors an' secession,
Ev'rybody's bound to go
De Union, Right or Wrong.

John Bull said he would interfere
To get our Southern cotton,
But, if he meddles wid our troubles here,
He wont be soon forgotten ;
We'll fust crush out secession,
Den ole England we'll defy,
An' we'll teach John Bull a lesson
He'll remember bye an' bye.
Lor' bless your souls, &c.

Den, God bless our noble Union,
May secession be abhorred ;
Long lib our Constitution,
An' may friendship be restored.
We know no North, South, East, or West,
But our glorious flag on high,

UNION, RIGHT OR WRONG—CONCLUDED.

Den, wid happiness an' plenty blest,
May our Union nebber die.

Chorus : Lor' bless your souls,
You all know 'tis my impression,
Dere's nothing in dis world
Like our nation great an' strong ;
De people nowadays
Are death on traitors an' secession,
Ev'rybody's bound to go
De Union, Right or Wrong.

Once on a time de Prince ob Wales
Cum to dis country-e,
An' de people ob America showed
Him ebbery courtesy ;
But England's base ingratitude
Has to us ben fully shown,
An' after dis dey better keep
Deir princes safe at home.
Lor' bless your souls, &c.

—o—

Star-Spangled Banner.

Oh ! say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the
perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly
streaming ;
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
there.
Oh ! say, does the Star-Spangled Banner still wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave ?

STAR SPANGLED BANNER—CONCLUDED.

On the shore, dimly seen through the mist of the deep,
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
 What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
 As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
 In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
 'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner! oh, long may it
 wave [brave]
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore
 That the havoc of war, and the battle's confusion,
 A home and a country should leave us no more?
 Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
 From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
 And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth
 wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
 Between their loved home and war's desolation;
 Blessed with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land

Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us
 a nation!

Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto,—“In God is our trust!”
 And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall
 wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Our Flag is Marching on.

Written by M. W. Leman.

AIR—John Brown.

WE have a country, and a flag—it waves aloft on high!

'Tis Freedom's starry banner—our "banner in the sky!"

When our nation first was born, it proudly waved upon

The battle ground of Lexington, and there went marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Our flag is marching on.

When Britain sent her grenadiers, our fathers' blood to spill,

It floated o'er the grassy slopes of glorious Bunker Hill;

At Trenton and at Brandywine, and bloody Germantown,

Amid the dust, and smoke, and flame, it still went marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Our flag is marching on.

At Fort McHenry's carnival, the gallant flag was there—

It waved in triumph through the night, and kissed the morning air;

And when on Saratoga's Plains, St. George's Cross went down,

The Yankee stars and Yankee stripes went up and marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Our flag is marching on.

OUR FLAG IS MARCHING—CONTINUED.

It ne'er was struck on battle field, nor on the quarter deck,
 Till every heart was cold in death, or the frigate was a wreck ;
 In every land, on every sea, it tells of victories won,
 O'er foes abroad, and foes at home, and it still goes marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah !

Our flag is marching on.

And never freemen prized it more, or loved it more, than when
 It waved on Sumter's leaguered walls, and seventy gallant men ;
 Ten thousand traitors swept their fire on gallant Anderson,
 But he lowered the flag with honor there, and kept it marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah !

Our flag is marching on.

What though Manassas' batteries retarded its advance,
 The blood its brave defenders shed its glories doth enhance ;
 For every drop inspires our hearts to see our duty done,
 And keep the BANNER OF THE STARS in triumph marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah !

Our flag is marching on.

Port Royal, Newbern, Hatteras, and bloody Somerset,
 Tell how the loyal soldiers fight, and how the foe is met ;

OUR FLAG IS MARCHING—CONCLUDED.

Pittsburg and Henry, Roanoke, and glorious Don-
elson,
Proclaim in tones of thunder, that the flag is march-
ing on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah ! —
Our flag is marching on.

And when beneath the briny wave the *Cumberland*
went down,
Each gallant tar that trod her decks achieved a
martyr's crown ;
While Worden brought a *Monitor*, or ere the fight
was done,
To teach Rebellion that our flag is ever marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah ! —
Our flag is marching on.

Swear, freemen, by your mothers' graves, and by
your glorious sires,—
Swear by your country and your fame, and by your
household fires,—
By Ellsworth's, Lyon's, Baker's blood—be the bat-
tle lost or won,
Come weal or woe, come life or death, the flag shall
still march on.

— Glory, glory, hallelujah ! —
Our flag shall aye march on.

—o—

Cling to the Union.

AIR—*Wait for the Wagon.*

THERE is a right and wrong in parties,
And the right is on our side ;
So let us mount the wagon,
And let the Union ride.

CLING TO THE UNION—CONCLUDED.

The nation is the wagon,
 And the people are its springs ;
 Every lover of his country
 For the Union sings—
Chorus

Cling to the Union, cling to the Union—
 Cling to the Union, and let the factions slide.

This wagon is a noble one—
 'Twas built in 'Seventy-six ;
 'Twas driven by George Washington,
 Through stormy politics ;
 With Eastern oak and Western pine,
 And Northern ash 'tis bound—
 Palmetto, cypress, cotton wood,
 In spokes and wheels are found.

Cling to the Union, &c.

When Webster shook the friendly hand
 Of noble-soul'd Calhoun,
 'Twas here upon this wagon box,
 They sat in sweet commune.
 Henry Clay he drove the wagon then,
 And Cass was by his side ;
 And never did the Union take
 A safer Union ride.

Cling to the Union, &c.

We tell the Northern fanatics
 To let the slaves alone ;
 The Southern fire-eaters
 Had better hie unto their home.
 We all are true conservatives,
 Whatever may betide ;
 God bless our glorious Union,
 And may it safely ride.

Cling to the Union, &c.

The Sword of Bunker Hill.

HE lay upon his dying bed,
 His eye was growing dim,
 When with a feeble voice he called
 His weeping son to him :
 "Weep not, my boy, the veteran said,
 I bow to Heaven's high will,
 But quickly from yon antlers bring } Repeat.
 The Sword of Bunker Hill."

The sword was brought, the soldier's eye
 Lit with a sudden flame ;
 And as he grasped the ancient blade,
 He murmured Warren's name ;
 Then said, "My boy, I leave you gold,
 But what is richer still,
 I leave you, mark me—mark me, now, } Repeat.
 The Sword of Bunker Hill.

'Twas on that dread, immortal day,
 I dared the Briton's band,
 A captain raised his blade on me,
 I tore it from his hand ;
 And while the glorious battle raged,
 It lightened Freedom's will,
 For, boy, the God of Freedom blessed } Repeat.
 The Sword of Bunker Hill.

Oh, keep the sword" . . . —his accents broke,
 A smile, and he was dead ;
 But his wrinkled hand still grasped the blade,
 Upon that dying bed.
 The son remains, the sword remains,
 Its glory growing still,
 And twenty millions bless the sire } Repeat.
 And Sword of Bunker Hill.

Yankee Doodle.

FATHER and I went down to camp,
 Along with Captain Gooding ;
 And there we saw the men and boys,
 As thick as hasty pudding.

Yankee doodle keep it up,
 Yankee doodle dandy ;
 Mind the music and the step,
 And with the girls be handy.

We saw a little barrel, too,
 The heads were made of leather ;
 They knocked upon it with little clubs,
 And called the folks together.
 Yankee doodle, &c.

And then we saw a swamping gun,
 Large as a log of maple ;
 Upon a deuced little cart,
 A load for father's cattle.

Yankee doodle, &c.

I went as nigh to one myself,
 As 'Siah's underpinning ;
 And father went as nigh agin,
 I thought the deuce was in him.

Yankee doodle, &c.

But Captain Davis has a gun,
 He kind of clapped his hand on't ;
 And stuck a crooked stabbing iron
 Upon one end on't.

Yankee doodle, &c.

And every time they shoot it off,
 It takes a horn of powder ;
 It makes a noise like father's gun,
 Only a nation louder.

Yankee doodle, &c.

YANKEE DOODLE—CONCLUDED.

Cousin Simon grew so bold,
 I thought he would have cocked it;
 It scared me so I streaked it off,
 And hung by father's pocket.
 Yankee doodle keep it up,
 Yankee doodle dandy;
 Mind the music and the step,
 And with the girls be handy.

And there I saw a pumpkin shell,
 As big as mother's basin;
 And every time they touched it off,
 They scampered like the nation.
 Yankee doodle, &c.

And there was Captain Washington,
 And gentlefolks about him;
 They say he's grown so tarnation proud,
 He will not ride without them.

Yankee doodle, &c.

Hail Columbia.

HAIL, Columbia! happy land!
 Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!
 Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
 Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
 And when the storm of war was gone,
 Enjoyed the peace your valor won.

Let Independence be our boast,

Ever mindful what it cost;

Ever grateful for the prize,

Let its altar reach the skies.

Firm—united—let us be,

Rallying round our Liberty;

As a band of brothers joined,

Peace and safety we shall find.

HAIL COLUMBIA—CONCLUDED.

Immortal Patriots! rise once more,
 Defend your rights, defend your shore;
 Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
 Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
 invade the shrine where sacred lies,
 Of toil and blood the well-earn'd prize.
 While offering peace sincere and just,
 In Heaven we place a manly trust,
 That truth and justice will prevail,
 And every scheme of bondage fail.

Firm—united, &c.

Sound, sound the trump of Fame!
 Let WASHINGTON'S great name
 Ring through the world with loud applause,
 Ring through the world with loud applause;
 Let every clime to Freedom dear
 Listen with a joyful ear.
 With equal skill, and godlike power,
 He governed in the fearful hour
 Of horrid war; or guides with ease
 The happier times of honest peace.

Firm—united, &c.

Behold the Chief who now commands,
 Once more to serve his country, stands—
 The rock on which the storm will beat,
 The rock on which the storm will beat;
 But, armed in virtue firm and true,
 His hopes are fixed on Heaven and you.
 When hope was sinking in dismay,
 And gloom obscured Columbia's day,
 His steady mind from changes free,
 Resolved on death or liberty.

Firm—united, &c.

Brothers, Come and Meet Us.

AIR—*John Brown.*

McClellan is our leader now, we've had our last
retreat;

McClellan is our leader now, we've had our last
retreat;

McClellan is our leader now, we've had our last
retreat;

We'll now go marching on.

Say, brothers, will you meet us?

Say, brothers, will you meet us?

Say, brothers, will you meet us,

As we go marching on?

Thomas turned a Somerset, and gave the rebels rats;
Thomas turned a Somerset, and gave the rebels rats;
Thomas turned a Somerset, and gave the rebels rats,
And sent them rolling home.

Oh, brothers, we will join him;

Oh, brothers, we will join him;

Oh, brothers, we will join him,

And send them rolling home.

How are you, Johnny Bull, old boy? How are you,
Johnny Bull?

How are you, Johnny Bull, old boy? How are you,
Johnny Bull?

If you want to fight, old Roast Beef, you will get
your belly full,

And then go rolling home.

Oh, Johnny, don't you fight us;

Oh, Johnny, don't you fight us;

Oh, Johnny, don't you fight us,

Or we'll send you rolling home.

BROTHERS, COME, ETC.—CONTINUED.

We'll have a farm in Dixie, boys, and put some
niggers on it;

We'll have a farm in Dixie, boys, and put some
niggers on it;

We'll have a farm in Dixie, boys, and put some
niggers on it;

And then we'll simmer down.

Oh, sisters, come and join us;

Oh, sisters, come and join us;

Oh, sisters, come and join us,

'Way down in Dixie's Land.

Oh, boys, we'll sip our cobblers, then, and cloud
our Meerschaum pipes;

Oh, boys, we'll sip our cobblers, then, and cloud
our Meerschaum pipes;

Oh, boys, we'll sip our cobblers, then, and cloud
our Meerschaum pipes,

'Way down in Dixie's Land.

Oh, brothers, come and meet us;

Oh, brothers, come and meet us;

Oh, brothers, come and meet us,

'Way down in Dixie's Land.

There lies the whisky-bottle empty on the shelf;

There lies the whisky-bottle empty on the shelf;

There lies the whisky-bottle empty on the shelf,

But there's more in the demijohn.

Oh, brothers, don't you leave us;

Oh, brothers, don't you leave us;

Oh, brothers, don't you leave us,

We'll soon go marching home.

The girls we left behind us, boys, our sweet-hearts
at the North;

BROTHERS, COME, ETC.—CONCLUDED.

The girls we left behind us, boys, our sweet-hearts
at the North ; [at the North,

The girls we left behind us, boys, our sweet-hearts
Smile on us as we march.

Oh, sweet-hearts, don't forget us ;

Oh, sweet-hearts, don't forget us ;

Oh, sweet-hearts, don't forget us,

We'll soon come marching home.

—o—

The Army Hymn.

AIR—Old Hundred.

OH, Lord of Hosts ! Almighty King !

Behold the sacrifice we bring !

To every arm Thy strength impart,
Thy spirit shed through every heart.

Wake in our breasts the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires ;
Thy hand hath made our nation free !
To die for her is serving Thee.

Be Thou a pillar of fire to show
The midnight snare, the silent foe ;
And when the battle thunders loud,
Still guide us in its moving cloud. .

God of all Nations ! Sovereign Lord !
In Thy dread name we draw the sword ;
We lift the Starry Flag on high,
That fills with light our stormy sky.

From Treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard Thou its folds till peace shall reign ;
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,
Join our loud anthem—praise to Thee !

South Carolina Gentleman.

AIR—*The Fine Old English Gentleman.*

Down in a small Palmetto State, the curious ones
may find

A ripping, tearing gentleman, of an uncommon kind ;
A staggering, swaggering sort of chap, who takes his
whisky straight,

And frequently condemns his eyes to that ultimate
vengeance which a clergyman of high standing
has assured us must be a sinner's fate ;

This South Carolina gentleman, one of the present
time.

You trace his genealogy, and not far back you'll see
A most undoubted octoroon, or, mayhap, a mustee ;
And if you note the shaggy locks that cluster on his
brow,

You'll find that every other hair is varied with a kink
that seldom denotes pure Caucasian blood, but,
on the contrary, betrays an admixture with a
race not particularly popular now ;

This South Carolina gentleman, one of the present
time.

He always wears a full dress coat, pre-Adamite in
cut,

With waistcoat of the longest style, through which
his ruffles jut ;

Six breastpins deck his horrid front, and on his fin-
gers shine

Whole invoices of diamond rings, which would hard-
ly pass muster with the “Original Jacobs,” in
Chatham Street, for jewels gen-u-ine ;

This South Carolina gentleman, one of the present
time.

SO. CAROLINA GENTLEMAN—CONCL'D.

He chews tobacco by the pound, and spits upon the floor,

If there is not a box of sand behind the nearest door ;
And when he takes his weekly spree, he clears a mighty track,

Of every thing that bears the shape of whisky-skin,
gin and sugar, brandy sour, peach and honey,
irrepressible cock-tail, rum and gum, and luscious apple-jack ; [time.

This South Carolina gentleman, one of the present

He takes to euchre kindly, too, and plays an awful hand, [derstand,

Especially when those he tricks, his style don't un-
And if he wins, why then, he stoops to pocket all the stakes,

But if he loses, then he says to the unfortunate stranger who had chanced to win, "It's my opinion that you are a cursed abolitionist, and if you don't leave South Carolina in one hour, you will be hung like a dog!"—but no offer to pay he makes ; [time.

This South Carolina gentleman, one of the present

Of course he's all the time in debt to those who credit give,

Yet manages upon the best the market yields to live ;
But if a Northern creditor asks him his bill to heed,
This honorable gentleman instantly draws two bowie knives and a pistol, dons a blue cockade, and declares, that in consequence of the repeated aggressions of the North, and its gross violations of the Constitution, he feels that it would utterly degrade him to pay any debt whatever, and that in fact he has at last determined to SECEDE ;

This S. Carolina gentleman, one of the present time.

Battle Hymn of the Republic.

AIR—*John Brown.*

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword: His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps; They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps: His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel—
“As ye deal with my contemner, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,” Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat:
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet! Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free, While God is marching on.

Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.

Oh, Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
 The home of the brave and the free,
 The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
 A world offers homage to thee.
 Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
 When Liberty's form stands in view ;
 Thy banners make Tyranny tremble,
 When borne by the Red, White, and Blue.

When borne by the Red, White, and Blue,
 When borne by the Red, White, and Blue ;
 Thy banners make Tyranny tremble,
 When borne by the Red, White, and Blue.

When war waged its wide desolation,
 And threatened our land to deform,
 The ark, then, of Freedom's foundation,
 COLUMBIA, rode safe through the storm.
 With her garland of victory o'er her,
 When so proudly she bore her bold crew,
 With her flag floating proudly before her,—
 The boast of the Red, White, and Blue.

The boast of the Red, White, and Blue,
 The boast of the Red, White, and Blue ;
 With her flag floating proudly before her,—
 The boast of the Red, White, and Blue.

The wine cup, the wine cup bring hither,
 And fill you it up to the brim ;
 May the wreath they have won never wither,
 Nor the star of their glory grow dim.
 May the service united ne'er sever,
 And hold to their colors so true,

COLUMBIA, THE GEM, ETC.—CONCL'D.

The Army and Navy forever,—

Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.

Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue,

Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue;
The Army and Navy forever,—

Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.

—o—

Whack ! Row de Dow.

Good people all, both great and small,
Come listen to my song,

If you've got a little time to spare,

I won't detain you long;

'Tis of our flag, our Nation's brag,

Our Union and our Constitution:

For the Stars and Stripes must wave

Till the day of resurrection, with a

Whack ! row de dow.

The Stars and Stripes must wave for ever,

Whack ! row de dow :

For our Flag we're bound to save.

Down South, there's General Beauregard,
With his rebel crew,

Who says he'll make us, Northern folks,

Nip up dee doo den doo ;

We'll have no more Bull Run affairs,

Where the chivalry say we did knock under ;

For, we've got a brave McClellan now,

Who will give them Northern thunder.

Whack ! row de dow,

How ARE you, General Bowgun ?

Whack ! row de dow,

Dat's what's de matter.

WHACK ! ROW DE DOW—CONCLUDED.

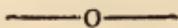
Now, there's our gallant Sixty-ninth,
 Who never flinch for trifles,
 And our bully boys, the Fire Zoaves,
 With their little Minnie rifles ;
 And first of all in duty's call,
 The Massachusetts boys, so handy,
 Who will show the southern chivalry,
 No fool is Yankee Doodle Dandy.

Whack ! row de dow,
 No fool is Yankee Doodle Dandy ;
 Whack ! row de dow,
 Yankee Doodle Doo.

In speaking of our Fire Zouaves,
 Reminds me of a fact :
 They've proved they don't do things by halves,
 Nor take the backward track.

At the battle of Bull Run,
 They fought their way so bravely ;
 Oh, they did lay it low to trap the foe ;
 How are ye, Black Horse Cavalry ?

Whack ! row de dow,
 The boys were on hand, I tell you ;
 Whack ! row de dow,
 Oh, Sykesy, take de butt !



Abraham's Daughter.

As Sung by Ben. Cotton, at Maguire's Opera House,
 and encored to the echo.

Oh, de soldiers here, both far and near, dey did get
 quite excited,
 When from deir bredren from de Souf to war dey
 was invited ;

ABRAHAM'S DAUGHTER—CONCLUDED.

But it was to be, it is to be, it can't be nothing shorter,
 An' if dey call upon dis child, I'se bound to die a martyr.

Chorus :

For I belong to de Fire Zoo-zoos, an' don't you tink I orter?
 An' I'm gwine down to Washington, to fight for Abraham's daughter.

I'm tired of a city life, an' I'm gwine to jine de Zoo-zoos;
 I'm gwine to try an' make a hit, down 'mong de Southern foo-foos;
 But if perchance I should get hit, I'll show dem I'm a tartar;
 We are bound to save dis Union yet, 'tis all dat we are arter.

Chorus :

For I belong to de Fire Zoo-zoos, and don't you tink I orter?
 An' I'm gwine down to Washington, to fight for Abraham's daughter.

Dere is one ting more dat I would state, before I close my ditty,
 'Tis all about de volunteers dat's left our good ole city;
 Dey've gone to fight for de stars an' stripes, our Union now or neber,
 So we'll gib three cheers for de Volunteers, and Washington for ever!

Chorus :

For I belong to de Fire Zou-zoos, an' don't you tink I orter,
 An' I'm gwine down to Washington, to fight for Abraham's daughter.

Willie has Gone wid de Soldiers.

As Sung by Ben. Cotton, with immense applause.

Oh, my true love has gone away,
He's gone upon the dark blue sae ;
He says, "My Sally, I must go
To fight for Uncle Samuel, I. O. U."

Chorus :

Wid drums an' fifes beatin' in de street,
Rig-jig, blig-jig, rig-ah, jig-ah, jig ;
Drums and fifes are all de go,
Willie has gone wid de soldiers, oh !

His teeth were red, his hair was blue,
He wore green stripes down to his shoe ;
He says, "My Venus, I must go
To fight for Uncle Samuel, I. O. U."

Chorus :

Wid drums an' fifes beatin' in de street,
Rig-jig, blig-jig, rig-ah, jig-ah, jig ;
Drums an' fifes are all de go,
Willie has gone wid de soldiers, oh !

His hair it fluttered in de breeze,
His voice was wafted on de trees ;
Because he eat such strong old cheese,
It made him as fierce as a war I. O. U.

Chorus :

Wid drums an' fifes beatin' in de street,
Rig-jig, blig-jig, rig-ah, jig-ah, jig ;
Drums an' fifes are all de go,
Willie has gone wid de soldiers, oh !

The Harp of Old Erin & Banner of Stars.

AIR—*St. Patrick's Day.*

THE war trump has sounded, our rights are in danger ;
 Shall the brave sons of Erin be deaf to the call,
 When Freedom demands of both native and stranger,
 Their aid, lest the greatest of nations should fall ?
 Shall this banner, so dear to the exiled of the Gael,
 By traitors and rebels in Anarchy's school,
 Be trailed in the dust, disgraced in the vale,
 While our people, the sovereign, in equity rule ?

No ! I swear by the love that we bear our old
 Sire-land,
 And the vows we have pledged to the home of
 the free,
 As we'd sheath our swords in the foes of dear Ireland,
 We will use them as freely 'gainst traitors to thee.
 Need we fear for our cause, when true hearts up-
 hold it ?
 See, the men of all nations now march to the wars !
 And shall Erin's stout hearts stand by and behold it,
 Nor strike in their might for the Banner of Stars ?

No, no ! with their life's blood they'll guard the rich
 treasure ;
 See how they respond to the call,—“ Shoulder
 arms ! ”
 Though endeared by those sacred ties, with love be-
 yond measure,
 Of bosom friends, children, and Beauty's sweet
 charms,
 Yet they leave all behind, and equip for the battle,
 Between Freedom and Rapine, like true sons of
 Mars ;
 They'll conquer though traitors their cannon may
 rattle,
 And bring back triumphant the Banner of Stars.

THE HARP OF OLD ERIN—CONCLUDED.

Oh, long may our flags wave in union together,
 And the harp of green Erin still kiss the same
 breeze,
 And brave every storm that beclouds the fair weather,
 Till our Harp, like the Stars, floats o'er rivers and
 seas.
 God prosper the bold hearts on both land and ocean,
 Who go in defiance of danger and scars,
 And send them safe home to their wives and their
 sweethearts,
 With the Harp of old Erin and Banner of Stars !

—o—

Our Heritage.

From “THE WIDOW.”

AIR—*John Brown.*

OUR forefathers fought in Freedom’s holy cause,
 And made us a nation with just and honest laws,
 And faithful their sons shall prove themselves to be
 To Union and Liberty !

Freedom, freedom is our heritage,
 As long as the Union stands.

To give us strength, and save us from all harm,
 The pine of the North they joined with the palm ;
 If foes should assail us, our watchword shall be—
 The Union and Liberty !

Freedom, freedom is our heritage,
 As long as the Union stands.

They gave us a banner—the red, white and blue,
 For ever may it wave o’er the brave and the true ;
 Then, three cheers, boys, for the flag of the free,
 The Union and Liberty !

Freedom, freedom is our heritage,
 As long as the Union stands.

Off for a Soldier.

“OH, where are yez goin’?” said Mrs. O’Flaherty,
 One morning to Mike, as he shouldered a gun;
 “I am goin’,” said Mike, “to put on regimintals,
 An’-march wid the boys till rebellion is done.”

“An’ what, if ye’re kilt, will become of my childer,
 My poor little boys, and the girl on my knee?
 Sure, Mike,” said she, “I’ll be dead although livin’,
 If niver again ye come back unto me.”

“Oh, Peggy, me darlint, no harm shall befall me;
 The stars an’ the stripes shall float over me head;
 An’, Peggy, ye know I must help save the counthry
 That affords me protection, an’ gives me my bread.

An’ wont ye be proud iv your Mickey O’Flaherty,
 Whin he comes back, dear Peggy, all covered wid
 scars,
 To show that he’s shtood in the front of the battle,
 Where no one can shtand who shtays home from
 the wars?”

“An’, Mickey,” said Peggy, “me prayers’ll go
 wid ye,
 Though deep in me heart I shall grieve for yer
 sake;
 An’ I’ll kiss our dear babies aitch mornin’ an’
 avenin’,
 An’ tache them the name of their father to speake.

The papers I’ll read, Mike, to see if ye’re wounded—
 Oh, faith, Mike, that thought makes a fire of me
 brain;
 To think of you lying, shot down by a ribel,
 Wid an arm or a leg off, an’ groanin’ wid pain;

OFF FOR A SOLDIER—CONCLUDED.

Wid no kind one near ye to give ye attintion,
 To wipe the cowld dampness away from yer cheek :
 Oh, Mike, it is hard, whin I think of these avils,
 To look in yer face an' a partin' to shpake."

"But, Peggy," said he, "sure I'll come back a hero,
 To be pointed at as America's pride ;
 An' I'll carry me gun on the top iv me showlder,
 Wid both legs all right, an' me arms by me side.

Faith, niver a dangerous bullet shall reach me,
 An', sure, if it does, I will balk its design ;
 For, wid God on me side, an' the thoughts of ould
 Erin,
 No sarious avil can iver be mine."

"But, Mickey," said Peggy, "how manny have
 perished ! ◆
 How manny are shleepin' that niver will wake,
 Who marched wid the army a sarchin' for glory !
 Oh, Mickey, stay home for yer poor Peggy's sake."

"Shtay at home ! is it, Peggy ? ah, niver, till traitors
 Have fired their last gun at the flag of the free ;
 I must go an' jist have a brief lark wid the ribels—
 Those sons of the devil, who kicked up this spree.

An' good bye, me Peggy, an' good bye, me childer !
 May God bless yez all till I come back again,
 Wid me arms an' me legs, wid me head an' me body,
 Wid niver a scratch, an' wid niver a pain !"

The drums then came beating, the colors were flying,
 A kiss for his wife and his dear children three,
 And Mickey O'Flaherty marched with the soldiers,
 To fight for the flag of the faithful and free.

“Old Put” on the Union.

(From “Put’s Original California Songster.”)

Written and Sung on the occasion of the Organization
of the Greenwood Union Club.

AIR—*Crossing the Plains.*

Now all good fighting Union men, march out with
sword in hand,
For traitors, thieves and demagogues, are prowling
through the land;
They’ve taken one *defenceless fort*, five hundred men
to one,
But “Jeff.” will “hunt his den” before he captures
Washing-ton.

They fortified and built a *raft* to “clean the Union
out,”
And that in sixty days, they did not entertain a
doubt:
The rebels, though prepared for war, soon found it
would not “win”—
Now I propose to “hang Old BUCK,” and “tar and
feather GWIN!”

The Union cry is heard from Maine to this Pacific
slope,
And California *may* be first to introduce the rope,
To hang the vilest band of whelps the world has
ever known—
Give her the job, and she’ll enjoy the glory all alone.

“United,” we are bound to *stand*—“divided,” we
must *fall*,
We’ve thirty-four right brilliant stars, and bound to
keep them all;

“OLD PUT” ON THE UNION—CONTINUED.

Where'er our banner is unfurled, may every gem be
seen,
And *fight* as our forefathers fought, to keep the first
thirteen !

Though *brothers* meet in *deadly strife* upon the battle
field,
Our *noble Union* we'll preserve, no portion will we
yield ;
No independent *North* or *South*, but *UNION* as it
stands,
If all stick by “Old Uncle Sam,” and back up his
commands.

Should they attack Fort Pickens, poor picking they
will find.
Through rivers formed of *human blood*, our army'll
march, now mind ;
But since they've found our government is not so
much a *sham*,
Secessionists will rue the day they fool'd with Uncle
Sam !

We've pledged our lives and fortunes in a just and
noble cause,
T' uphold the Constitution and *enforcement* of the
laws ;
We're “up and dress'd,” and ready, when the Union
needs our help,
To rush down South, and “clean out” every d—d
secession whelp !

Here's a health to MAJOR ANDERSON, the bravest of
the brave,
And to his *sixty loyal men*,—long may their colors
wave ;—

“OLD PUT” ON THE UNION—CONCLUDED

Ten thousand traitor thieves they fought, and fighting would be now,
If Government had furnished them another “spotted sow.”

Stand by our noble “*Ship of State*,” and help the cause along,
Our motto, “God and Liberty,” our UNION, right or wrong !
Our flag still floats triumphantly where'er it is unfurled,
The STARS and STRIPES, the proudest flag that waves throughout the world !



The Grave of Washington.

DISTURB not his slumbers ; let Washington sleep
'Neath the boughs of the willow that over him weep ;
His arm is unnerved, but his deeds remain bright,
As the stars in the dark vaulted heaven at night.
Oh, wake not the hero ; his battles are o'er ;
Let him rest undisturbed on Potomac's fair shore ;
On the river's green borders, so flowery dressed,
With the hearts he loved fondly let Washington rest,
With the hearts he loved fondly let Washington rest.

Awake not his slumbers ; tread lightly around ;
'Tis the grave of a freeman ; 'tis Liberty's mound.
Thy name is immortal ; our freedom you won,
Brave sire of Columbia, our own Washington.
Oh, wake not the hero ; his battles are o'er ;
Let him rest, calmly rest, on his dear native shore ;
While the stars and the stripes of our country shall wave
O'er the land that can boast of a Washington's grave,
O'er the land that can boast of a Washington's grave.

Black Brigade.

A Walk-around Dance—Composed by Old DAN EMMETT.

Solo :

Oh, where you gwine, Epheram ? gwine to jine de Union ?

Oh, where you gwine, Epheram ? hi ro we go ;

Oh, where you gwine, Epheram ? gwine to jine de Union ?

Ha, ha, ha, ha ! we are right from Lincom's Land,

Chorus :

Den harness up de mule—be carful how you whip,
An' mind your eye :

Sam Johnson am de nigger general,

We's de *Black Brigade*, why don't you let her rip !

Jeems Riber ! Massa Greeley, oh !

Solo :

Oh, we come from Ole Kentucky, gwine to jine de Union,

Oh, we come from Ole Kentucky, hi ro we go ;

Oh, we come from Ole Kentucky, gwine to jine de Union ;

Ha, ha, ha, ha ! we are right from Lincom's Land.

Den harness up de mule, &c.

Solo :

Oh, we come from Ole Missouri, gwine to jine de Union,

Oh, we come from Ole Missouri, hi ro we go ;

Oh, we come from Ole Missouri, gwine to jine de Union,

Ha, ha, ha, ha ! we are right from Lincom's Land.

Den harness up de mule, &c.

The Seventh.

Written by Fitz James O'Brien.

OCH ! we're the boys, that hearts desthroys,
 Wid makin' love an' fightin' ;
 We take a fort, the girls we court,
 But most the last delight in.
 To fire a gun, or raise some fun,
 To us is no endeavor ;
 So let us hear one hearty cheer—
 The Seventh's lads for ever !

Chorus :

For we're the boys, that hearts desthroys,
 Wid makin' love an' fightin' ;
 We take a fort, the girls we court,
 But most the last delight in.

Like Jove above, we're fond of love,
 But fonder still of victuals ;
 Wid turtle steaks, an' codfish cakes,
 We always fills our kettles.
 To drown aitch dish, we drinks like fish,
 An' *mum*'s the word we utther ;
 An' thin we shwill our Leoville,
 That oils our throats like butther.

For we're the boys, &c.

We make from hay, a splendid tae,
 From banes, a gorgeous coffee ;
 Our crame is prime, wid chalk an' lime,
 In fact, 'tis quite a trophy.
 Our chickens roast, wid buttered toast,
 I'm sure would tempt St. Peter ;
 Now you'll declare, our bill of fare,
 It ~~udn't~~ be completer.

For we're the boys, &c.

THE SEVENTH—CONCLUDED.

Now, silence, all, whilst I recall
 A memory swate an' tinder;
 The maids an' wives, that light our lives
 Wid deep, induring splendor.
 We'll give no cheer for those so dear,
 But in our hearts we'll bless them,
 An' pray to-night, that angels bright,
 May watch them an' caress them.

Chorus: For we're the boys, that hearts destroys,
 Wid makin' love an' fightin';
 We take a fort, the girls we court,
 But most the last delight in.

—o—

Smiggey McGuirrel.

I HAD a son, he came from the war,
 Wid your daurel-lee, daurel-la-di-dee;
 He fought at Bull Run, an' he got no pay—
 Now he is carrying the hod for a shilling a day!
 His name was Nau-rel-Mickey-Nau-rel—
 Nic-nac-Nau-rel-Smig-gey-McGuir-rel—Walk off.

I got out of bed at eleven o'clock,
 Wid your daurel-lee, daurel-la-di-dee;
 I towld the maid to wind the clock,
 An' she milk'd the cow from the chimney top!
 Her name was Nau-rel-Maggie-Nau-rel—
 Nic-nac-Nau-rel-Smig-gey-McGuir-rel—Walk off.

She fell right down upon the grass,
 Wid her daurel-lee, daurel-la-di-dee;
 She got the croup-croup-croup, an' I made a tint
 right out of her hoops,
 An' I brought her to with some turtle soup!
 Her name was Nau-rel-Maggie-Nau-rel—
 Nic-nac-Nau-rel-Smig-gey-McGuir-rel—Walk off.

Columbia, Land of Liberty !

To Liberty's enraptured sight,
 When first Columbia's region shone,
 She hailed it from her starry height,
 And, smiling, claimed it as her own.
 " Fair land," the goddess cried, " be free !
 Soil of my choice, to fame arise !"
 She spoke, and straight Heaven's minstrelsy
 Swelled the loud chorus through the skies—

All hail, for ever great and free,
 Columbia, land of liberty !

War blew her clarion loud and long ;
 Oppression led his legions on ;
 To battle rushed the patriot throng,
 And soon the glorious day was won.
 Each bleeding freeman smiled in death,
 Flying he saw his country's foes,
 And, wafted by his latest breath,
 To heaven the cheerful pæan arose—

Content I die, for thou art free,
 Columbia, land of liberty !

And shall we ever dim the fires
 That flame on Freedom's kindred shrines ?
 Shall Glory's children shame their sires ?
 Shall cowards spring from heroes' loins ?
 No ! by the blood our fathers shed,
 Oh, Freedom, in thy holy cause,
 When streaming from the martyr'd dead,
 It sealed and sacrificed thy laws.

We swear to keep thee great and free,
 Columbia, land of liberty !

We'll Conquer as We Go.

As Sung by Ben. Cotton.

(New Version of GLORY HALLELUJAH.)

Behold the Union army now in battle arrayed,
Who to crush out rebellion, can fight undismayed ;
There's many a gallant soldier on the battle field is
laid,

But still we are marching on.

Chorus :

Glory, glory, glory to the North ;
Glory to the soldiers she is sending forth ;
Glory, glory, glory to the North,
We'll conquer as we go.

Oh, when we captured Donelson, and far-famed
Roanoke,
The hearts of our foes to their danger awoke ;
And we'll show them that secession is no funny
joke,

While we go a marching on.

Glory, glory, &c.

Woe, woe to the traitors who in heart or in deed,
Have caused the brave sons of our country to
bleed ;

The wrath of high Heaven it's vengeance will
speed,

While we go a marching on.

Glory, glory, &c.

All honor to the volunteers who answered to the
call,

With pride do they peril their lives and their all ;
Beneath the blows of Union men secession soon
must fall,

As we go a marching on.

Glory, glory, &c.

Paddy's Secession.

As Sung by Ben. Cotton, with unbounded applause.
Words by R. W. McQuade.

Oh, it's little for glory I care—ambition is only a fable;
I'd as lave be meself as the major, wid good wine to drink on the table:
I'd like to lie down in the sun, an' drame while my features were scorching,
An' phin I'm too ould for me fun, shure, I'll marry a wife wid a fortune.

Chorus:

Oh, it's little for glory I care—ambition is only a fable;
I'd as lave be meself as the major, wid good wine to drink on the table.

In the winter, wid bacon an' eggs, a place by the turf fire blazing,
Drink whisky while I stand on my legs, the devil a more I'd be axing;
Oh, I niver was fond of hard work—it wasn't the way wid the Gradys,
An' I niver would make a good Turk, for I'm fond of me pig and petatees.

Oh, it's little for glory I care, &c.

Now, boys, let's be happy an' free—let frindship come out of our mouths?
Shure, what would GEORGE WASHINGTON say, about the secession down South?
But we'll fight for the *Stars an' the Stripes*, stick to them through foul or fair weather—
Let *Greeley* secede, if he likes, but we'll keep all them bright stars together.

Oh, it's little for glory I care, &c.

The Flag of our Union.

A SONG for our banner—the watchword recall,
 Which gave the Republic a station !
 United we stand—divided we fall,
 It made and preserves us a nation.

Chorus :

The union of lakes, the union of lands,
 The union of States none can sever ;
 The union of hearts, the union of hands,
 And the flag of the Union for ever,
 And ever !
 And the flag of the Union for ever !

What God in his mercy and wisdom design'd,
 And arm'd with his weapons of thunder ;
 Not all the earth's despots and factions combin'd
 Have the power to conquer or sunder.

Chorus :

The union of lakes, the union of lands,
 The union of States none can sever ;
 The union of hearts, the union of hands,
 And the flag of the Union for ever,
 And ever !
 And the flag of the Union for ever !

Oh, keep the flag flying—the pride of the van !
 To all other nations display it !
 The ladies for Union are all to a—man,
 But not to the man who'd betray it.

Chorus :

The union of lakes, the union of lands,
 The union of States none can sever ;
 The union of hearts, the union of hands,
 And the flag of the Union for ever,
 And ever !
 And the flag of the Union for ever !

The New York Fire Zouaves.

As Sung by Miss Lotta, at Gilbert's Melodeon.

'TWAS on July the twenty-first, in eighteen sixty-one,
 McDowell met Beauregard at the battle of Bull Run ;
 Two of the noblest regiments that marched to their early graves,
 Were the Sixty-ninth, under Corcoran, and the New York Fire Zouaves.

These regiments led on the van, were early in the field,
 Commanded by Farnham and Corcoran, as firm and true as steel ;
 They charged the enemy's batteries, their country's honor to save,
 And fell fighting by their guns, the Sixty-ninth and Fire Zouaves.

Here's to their gallant colonel, young Ellsworth was his name,
 One that will ever be inscribed upon the roll of fame ;
 And his avenger by whom his murderer fell, too late his life to save,
 He's known by the name of Frank Brownell, a New York Fire Zouave.

The Black Horse Cavalry made a charge, and took an American flag,
 But the Red Shirts picked them off so fast, they couldn't keep the rag ;
 Their Captain fell—the boys pell mell rushed in, the colors to save,
 And the flag was soon retaken by a New York Fire Zouave.

N. Y. FIRE ZOUAVES—CONCLUDED.

Success to McClellan, long life to General Scott;
 Before this war is ended, he'll make it mighty hot!
 Let him send to the Empire State, and fill his ranks
 with braves,
 There's plenty left to avenge the death of the New
 York Fire Zouaves.

—o—

Viva l'America.

NOBLE Republic! happiest of lands!
 Foremost of nations, Columbia stands;
 Freedom's proud banner floats in the skies,
 Where shouts of Liberty daily arise.
 “United we stand, divided we fall,
 Union for ever—freedom to all.

Chorus:

Throughout the world our motto shall be,
 “Viva l'America, home of the free!

Should ever traitor rise in the land,
 Curs'd be his homestead, wither'd his hand;
 Shame be his memory, scorn be his lot,
 Exile his heritage, his name a blot.
 “United we stand, divided we fall,”
 Granting a home and freedom to all.
 Throughout the world, &c.

To all her heroes, justice and fame,
 To all her foes, a traitor's foul name;
 Our Stripes and Stars still proudly shall wave,
 Emblem of Liberty, flag of the brave!
 “United we stand, divided we fall,”
 Gladly we'll die at our country's call.
 Throughout the world, &c.

National Song and Chorus.

FLING out that banner, the standard of the free,

"Tis the same our brave fathers gained

Struggling for honor, for right and liberty,

And we'll bear it aloft unstained.

From its bright sky not a star shall ever fall,

While upheld by the free and brave;

Let the wretch who'd assail it be scorn'd and shunn'd

Till he sink in a base traitor's grave. [by all,

Hail! Standard of the free,

Glorious Flag of Liberty!

Long may thy rainbow folds be known in ev'ry sea;

No star shall ever be

Blotted from thy galaxy,

While a Freeman lives to strike a blow for Union
and for Thee!

Raise high that Banner until it kiss the light,

As it soars to the rising sun;

High as the eagle's shall be its glorious flight,

While the sands of old Time shall run:

Still shall its stars in radiant splendor shine,

Like the angels enrobed in light;

And its broad stripes shall spread like the branches
of a vine,

Till the nations acknowledge our might.

Chorus.

Spread out that Banner, yes, spread it to the breeze,

Till it floats o'er the western world;

Let it be honored throughout all climes and seas,

Where its folds are in pride unfurled.

May its defenders rush onward like the tide,

When it rolls in its foaming might,

To o'erwhelm ev'ry traitor who would our flag deride,

And our God will stand by the right!

Chorus.

"All We Ask is, to be Let Alone."

AIR—*Villikins and his Dinah.*

As vonce I walked by a dismal swamp,
There sot an Old Cove in the dark and damp ;
And at every body as passed that road,
A stick or a stone this Old Cove throwed ;
And venever he shied a stick or a stone,
He'd set up a song of—"Let me alone.

Let me alone, for I loves to shie
These bits of things at the passers by ;
Let me alone, for I've got your tin,
And lots of other traps snugly in ;
Let me alone, I am riggin' a boat,
To grab votever you've got afloat ;
In a week or so I expects to come
And turn you out of your 'ouse and 'ome ;
I'm a quiet Old Cove," says he, with a groan,
"All I axes, is—Let me alone."

Just then came along, on the self same way,
Another Old Cove, and began for to say,—
"Let you alone ! That's coming it strong !
You've ben let alone a darned sight too long :
Of all the sarce that I ever heerd !
Put down that stick !—you may well look skeered.
Let go that stone ! If you once show fight,
I'll knock you higher than any kite.
You must have a lesson, to stop your tricks,
And cure you of shieing them stones and sticks ;
And I'll have my hardware back, and my cash,
And knock your scow into tarnal smash ;
And if ever I catches you round my ranch,
I'll string you up to the nearest branch.
The best you can do is to go to bed,
And keep a decent tongue in your head ;

"ALL WE ASK," ETC.—CONCLUDED.

For I reckon before you and I are done,
You'll wish you had let honest folks alone."

The Old Cove stopped, and the other Old Cove
He sat quite still in his cypress grove,
And he looked at his stick, revolving slow,
Whether 'twere safe to shie it or no;
And he grumbled on, in an injured tone,
"All that I axed, vos—*Let me alone.*"

—o—

Our Volunteers.

SUDDEN and loud the war cry rang,
It thrilled our startled ears;
And to the ranks with ardor sprang
Our gallant Volunteers.

Chorus:

Then hurrah, boys, hurrah!
Fill the air with hearty cheers;
Give three times three, and three times three,
For our brave Volunteers.

Onward they came from hill and vale,
Nor paused for loved ones' fears,
But rushed where poured the fiery hail,
Our noble Volunteers.

Then, hurrah, boys, &c.

Many among them bravely fell,
And won a nation's tears;
And history's page shall one day tell
How fought our Volunteers.

Then hurrah, boys, &c.

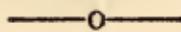
OUR VOLUNTEERS—CONCLUDED.

Pride of our land, 'tis theirs to save
 And guard, for future years
 That freedom, which our fathers gave
 To our brave Volunteers.

Then hurrah, boys, &c.

And when their solemn task is o'er,
 And peace again appears,
 We'll welcome to our homes once more
 Our gallant Volunteers.

Then hurrah, boys, &c.



Fort Donelson.

Written by a Californian.

THERE were twenty thousand Rebels in the strong-hold of the West,
 With lots of arms, provisions, and cannon of the best;
 Floyd, Buckner, and Johnston, thought it could not be won,
 For they hoisted the black flag at Fort Donelson.

The Rebels thought the Northern men couldn't stand their powder,
 And since the battle of Bull Run, they bragged a little louder;
 But you can bet they'll not soon forget the fight we won,
 When Grant and his gallant men took Fort Donelson.

FORT DONELSON—CONCLUDED.

On the fourteenth of February, eighteen sixty-two,
 The Federal gunboats tried what they could do ;
 The "Louisville" dismounted their hundred and
 twenty pound gun, [elson.
 And soon the batteries were silenced at Fort Don-

The next day our troops commenced the land attack ;
 Schwartz' battery the Rebels took, but it was soon
 taken back ;
 And bravely did they fight, and when the day was
 done, [Donelson.
 The Stars and Stripes did proudly float over Fort
 Many thousand Rebel prisoners they took that day,
 And Floyd with five thousand men ran away ;
 Grant is a major general, for the battle that he won,
 When he and his gallant men took Fort Donelson.

—o—

Marching Along.

THE army is gathering from near and from far,
 The trumpet is sounding the call for the war ;
 McClellan's our leader, he's gallant and strong—
 We'll gird on our armor, and be marching along.

Chorus :

Marching along, we are marching along ;
 Gird on our armor and be marching along—
 McClellan's our leader, he's gallant and strong ;
 For God and our country we are marching along.

The foe is before us in battle array,
 But let us not waver, or turn from the way ;
 The Lord is our strength, and the Union's our song,
 With courage and faith we are marching along.

Marching along, &c.

MARCHING ALONG—CONCLUDED.

Our wives and our children we leave in your care,
 We feel you will help them with sorrow to bear;
 'Tis hard thus to part, but we hope 'twont be long—
 We'll keep up our hearts as we're marching along.

Marching along, &c.

We sigh for our country, we mourn for our dead,
 For them now our last drop of blood we will shed;
 Our cause is the right one, our foe's in the wrong—
 Then gladly we'll sing as we're marching along.

Marching along, &c.

The flag of our country is floating on high,
 We'll stand by that flag till we conquer or die;
 McClellan's our leader, he's gallant and strong—
 We'll gird on our armor, and be marching along.

Marching along, &c.

—o—

Boys that Wore the Green.

By William Woodburn.

AIR—*John Anderson, my Jo.*

ON the twenty-first of July, beneath a burning sun,
 McDowell met the Southern troops in battle, at
 Bull Run;

Above the Union vanguard, was proudly dancing
 seen,

Beside the starry banner, old Erin's flag of green.

Colonel Corcoran led the Sixty-ninth on that event-
 ful day,—

I wish the Prince of Wales were there to see him in
 the fray;—

BOYS THAT WORE, ETC.—CONTINUED.

His charge upon the batteries was a most glorious
scene,
With gallant New York firemen, and the boys that
wore the green.

In the hottest of the fire there rode along the line
A captain of a Zouave band, crying, "Now, boys, is
your time ;"

Ah ! who is he so proudly rides, with bold and
dauntless mien ?

'Tis *Thomas Francis Meagher*, of Erin's isle of green !

The colors of the Sixty-ninth, I say it without
shame,

Were taken in the struggle to swell the victor's
fame ;

But Farnham's dashing Zouaves, that run with the
machine,

Retook them in a moment, with the boys that wore
the green !

Being overpowered by numbers, our troops were
forced to flee,

The Southern black horse cavalry on them charged
furiously ;

But in that hour of peril, the flying mass to screen,
Stood the gallant New York firemen, with the boys
that wore the green.

Oh, the boys of the Sixty-ninth; they are a gallant
band,

Bolder never drew a sword for their adopted
land ;

Amongst the fallen heroes, a braver had not been,
Than you, lamented Haggerty, of Erin's isle of
green.

BOYS THAT WORE, ETC.—CONCLUDED.

Farewell, my gallant countrymen, who fell that fatal day,
 Farewell, ye noble firemen, now mouldering in the clay ;
 Whilst blooms the leafy shamrock, whilst runs the old machine,
 Your deeds will live, bold *Red Shirts*, and *Boys that Wore the Green !*

—o—

My Love he is a Zou-Zu, only 19 Years Old.

My love is a Zou-Zu, so gallant and bold ;
 He's rough and he's handsome, scarce 19 years old ;
 To show off in Washington, he has left his own dear,
 And my heart is a breaking, because he's not here.
 For his spirit was brave, it was fierce to behold,
 In a young man bred a Zou-Zu, only 19 years old.

His parents taught him to be a Cavalier,
 But the life of a Zou-Zu he did much prefer ;
 For his heart's with his country, in right or in wrong,
 And in Richmond with Farnham he'll be afore long.

For his spirit was brave, &c.

My fond heart is beating for him constantly,
 But I fear his affections may waver from me ;
 For a sweetheart can be found in each State, I am told,
 By a young man, a Zou-Zu, only 19 years old.

For his spirit was brave, &c.

And now for my Zou-Zu I grieve and repine,
 For fear that his brave heart may never be mine ;
 All the wealth of Jeff. Davis, in cotton or gold,
 I would give for my Zou-Zu, only 19 years old.

For his spirit was brave, &c.

We'll Never give up Dixie!

By Martin Andreas Sarles.

WE will fight for the Union now and ever,
'Gainst the traitors who would sever

The ties that bind us to Dixie land;
We'll help the Whigs to put down Tories,
Worse than those who live in stories
Of the early days of Dixie land.

Oh, I wish I was in Dixie,
Hooray, hooray!

In Dixie land I'll take my stand—
We'll never give up Dixie :

Away, away !

We're bound down South to Dixie ;
Away, away !

We're bound down South to Dixie.

Down, down with the Rebels who would fire—
Turn into a funeral pyre

The Temple of Freedom in Dixie land ;
And when they speak of a king, we'll glory
In a Sergeant Jasper's story,

Who was true to the Union in Dixie land.

Oh, I wish I was in Dixie,
Hooray, hooray !

In Dixie land I'll take my stand—
We'll never give up Dixie ;

Away, away !

We're bound down South to Dixie ;
Away, away !

We're bound down South to Dixie.

That dear old flag we'll carry proudly,
Singing, as we march on, loudly,

Hooray for the Union in Dixie land !

NEVER GIVE UP DIXIE—CONCLUDED.

And now, three cheers for our Southern brothers,
Andy Johnson, and all the others

Who are true to the Union in Dixie land.

Oh, I wish I was in Dixie,
Hooray, hooray !

In Dixie land I'll take my stand—

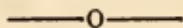
We'll never give up Dixie ;

Away, away !

We're bound down South to Dixie ;

Away, away !

We're bound down South to Dixie.



The Goose Hangs High.

COME, listen to my rhyming, and I'll not detain you long,

'Tis all about the country, as I'll tell you in my song.

We all do love our country, and for Freedom cry,

And every thing goes lovely, and the goose hangs high.

Now there's our Southern brethren, they're feeling very ill,

They always got fat offices, but couldn't get their fill ;

They want to rule the country, too, but they can't, although they try,

For every thing goes lovely, and the goose hangs high.

So then they took to stealing, 'twas the best that they could do,

They stole our forts and arsenals, and all the money, too ;

THE GOOSE HANGS HIGH—CONCLUDED.

They did not leave a dollar, but to steal it did try,
 For, every thing was lovely, and the goose hung
 high.

Until they came to Pickens, and they thought to get
 it, too,

But brave Lieutenant Slemner said, that would
 never do;

So, he sent old Bragg a warning that made him
 rather shy, [hung high.]

For, our guns they stuck out boldly, and our flag

So, then we called for volunteers, the country for
 to save,

And show the Southern chivalry that Northern men
 were brave;

Then we sent them down our New York boys, who
 swore to conquer or die,

And make every thing look lovely, and the goose
 hang high.

And then our gallant Firemen formed a regiment
 of Zouaves,

And under Col. Ellsworth, espoused the country's
 cause;

But they lost their young Commander, (for the
 Union he did die,)

But they'll make the South pay dearly, and the
 goose hang high.

Now there's McClellan at the head of our our forces
 on the land,

And gallant Commodores on the seas, to make the
 Rebels stand;

They will crush out this rebellion,—for the Union
 shall not die,— [high.]

Then every thing will go lovely, and the goose hang

Three Hundred Thousand More.

AIR—*Hurrah for Harry Clay.*

We are coming, Father Abraam, three hundred thousand more,
 From Mississippi's winding stream, and from New England's shore ;
 We leave our ploughs and workshops, our wives and children dear,
 With hearts too full for utterance, but with a silent tear :
 We dare not look behind us, but stedfastly before—
 We are coming, Father Abraam, three hundred thousand more.

Chorus :

We dare not look behind us, but stedfastly before—
 We are coming, Father Abraam, three hundred thousand more.

If you look across the hill-tops that meet the northern sky,
 Long moving lines of rising dust your vision may descry ;
 And now the wind, an instant, tears the cloudy veil aside,
 And floats aloft our spangled flag in glory and in pride ;
 And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and bands brave music pour—
 We are coming, Father Abraam, three hundred thousand more.

Chorus :

And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and bands brave music pour—
 We are coming, Father Abraam, three hundred thousand more.

THREE HUNDRED, ETC.—CONCLUDED.

If you look all up our valleys, where the growing
harvests shine,
You may see our sturdy farmer boys fast forming
into line ;
And children from their mothers' knees are pulling
at the weeds,
And learning how to reap and sow, against their
country's needs ;
And a farewell group stands weeping at every cot-
tage door—
We are coming, Father Abraam, three hundred
thousand more.

Chorus :

And a farewell group stands weeping at every cot-
tage door—
We are coming, Father Abraam, three hundred
thousand more.

You have called us, and we're coming, by Rich-
mond's bloody tide,
To lay us down for Freedom's sake, our brothers'
bones beside ;
Or from foul Treason's savage grasp to wrench the
murderous blade,
And in the face of foreign foes its fragments to
parade ;
Six hundred thousand loyal men, and true, have
gone before—
We are coming, Father Abraam, three hundred
thousand more.

Chorus :

Six hundred thousand loyal men, and true, have
gone before—
We are coming, Father Abraam, three hundred
thousand more.

(original.)

Little Mac.

By TREM.

BRAVE Union hearts, awake to glory,
 Millions of freemen bid ye rise ;
 Raise, ye young men, with patriots hoary,
 The yoke 'neath which our country lies :

Chorus :

March on, brave hearts—march on, brave hearts !
 And let our leader be
 The man who'll lead to victory's goal,
 And Little Mac is he.

Shall we, freemen, allow that hater
 Of all his country holds most dear,
 Davis, the double deep dyed traitor,
 To wield a despot's sceptre here ?

Chorus :

March on, brave hearts—march on, brave hearts !
 And let our leader be
 The man who'll crush our country's foe,
 And Little Mac is he.

Shall we, born free, with negroes labor—
 Shall we with slaves till our free soil ?
 The Freeman work with his slave neighbor,
 And, equal, with him, share his toil !

Chorus :

Never, true hearts—never, freemen !
 Our soil shall ALL be free ;
 We have a man who'll make it so,
 And Little Mac is he.

Soldier's Tear.

UPON the hill he turn'd to take a last, fond look,
 At the valley, and the village church, and the cottage
 by the brook ;
 He listen'd to the sounds so familiar to his ear,
 And the soldier lean'd upon his sword, and wiped
 away a tear.

Beside that cottage porch a girl was on her knees,
 She held aloft a snowy scarf which flutter'd in the
 breeze :

She breathed a prayer for him, a prayer he could
 not hear,
 But he paused to bless her as she knelt, and wiped
 away a tear.

He turn'd and left the spot—oh, do not deem him
 weak,

For dauntless was the soldier's heart, though tears
 were on his cheek.

Go watch the foremost ranks in danger's dark
 career—

Be sure the hand most daring there has wiped
 away a tear.

—o—

Columbia for Ever !

COLUMBIA for ever !
 From thee I'll ne'er sever ;
 Thy dwelling is in my heart's core :
 How many opprest,
 In thee have found rest,
 When strangers they came to thy shore !

Thy daughters I'll prize,
 Till life ebbs and dies,
 Remember'd, and blest they shall be ;

COLUMBIA FOR EVER!—CONCLUDED.

For when sick and laid low,
 In the dark hours of wo,
 They were angels of mercy to me.

Hail ! land of my choice,
 In thee I rejoice ;
 Forget thee ! no, no, I will never ;
 As father and mother,
 As sister and brother,
 I love thee, Columbia, for ever.

Thy eagle is watching,
 If treason be hatching,
 From Georgia the cry goes to Maine—
 To the block with his head,
 Let the traitor lie dead,
 That would dare to enslave thee again !

—o—

Still Float, Spangled Banner.

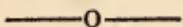
STILL float, spangled banner, o'er land and o'er ocean,
 Hope of the bondsman, and strength of the free,
 Thy home is as free as thine own gentle motion,
 The patriot stranger is shielded by thee.
 Where is the eye doth not view thee with gladness ?
 Or where is the slave, be he ever so low,
 Whose heart doth not bound in the midst of his
 sadness—
 Whose soul is not fired by liberty's glow ?

Thy stars they are brilliant, an emblem of glory,
 Thy sons are protected alike under thee :
 Freedom's first sires emblazoned in story,
 Have left thee their blessing, oh, flag of the free ;

STILL FLOAT, ETC.—CONCLUDED.

All nations for ages were trod by oppression,
 No day-star of freedom enlighten'd the world :
 To freemen indignant, resisting aggression,
 Columbia's broad banner its glories unfurled.

Like Aurora's bright rays through the arches of heaven,
 Refulgent it broke o'er the sorrowing night ;
 The black veil of tyrants in pieces was riven,
 Displaying the eagle encircled in light.
 Oh, flag of my heart, may'st thou flourish for ever,
 The terror of tyrants and hope of the slave ;
 May the foul fiend of discord ne'er hope to sever
 The stars of our Union, oh, home of the brave.



America, the Anchor and Hope of the World.

UNDAUNTED in peril, and foremost in danger,
 Ever ready the rights of mankind to defend—
 The guard of the weak, and support of the stranger,
 To oppression a foe, and to freedom a friend ;
 Amid the rude scenes of dismay and commotion,
 Since Anarchy first her red banner unfurl'd,
 Still, firm as a rock in her own native ocean,
 Stood America, the anchor and hope of the world.

Sweetest spot on the earth, where true honor, combining
 With justice and truth, give a strength to the whole ;
 Where the rosebud of beauty, with valor entwining,
 Enlargeth the heart, and exalteth the soul.
 Oh, land of my birth, yet shall peace be thy portion,
 And thy white sails in commerce again be unfurl'd ;
 And still shalt thou stand, like a rock in the ocean,
 The anchor of beauty, the hope of the world.

Little Log Hut.

As Sung by Ben. Cotton.

In a little log-hut in Ole Virginny,
 A nigger lived dat come from Guinea ;
 His massa whip him bery little,
 But gib him plenty ob work an' victual.
 Ole massa Clem was a clever body,
 Ebery mornin' took his toddy ;
 But when de sun sink in de ribber,
 He stop de work and rest dis nigger.

Chorus :

Ching-a-ring, a-ring, an' dat's de way
 De darkies spend deir holiday. (*Repeat.*)

When all was still, dere was no noise,
 Except it come from some ob de boys ;
 It would make you laugh to hear ole Squashy
 Mention de name ob General Washy.
 When de darkies dey heard dat,
 Dey all begin to raise deir hats ;
 De wenches gathered in a ring,
 An' dis am de song dat dey did sing :

Chorus :

Ching-a-ring, a-ring, an' dat's de way
 De darkies spend deir holiday. (*Repeat.*)

On de sebenteenth day ob last Sep'tober
 When de Juba Dance was ober,
 A great big noise, it sound like thunder,
 Made de darkies stare wid wonder :
 A great big cloud got in de medder,
 De darkies all huddled up togedder ;
 Now, after all dat great sensation,
 'Twas nuffin' but de darkies from *anodder plantation.*

Chorus :

Ching-a-ring, a-ring, an' dat's de way
 De darkies spend deir holiday. (*Repeat.*)

•The Land of Love and Liberty.

AIR—*Rule Britannia.*

HAIL, great republic of the world !
 The rising empire of the west ;
 When fam'd Columbus' mighty mind impress'd,
 Gave Europe's sons a place of rest.

Be thou for ever, ever blest and free,
 The land of love and liberty !

Beneath thy spreading, mantling vines,
 Beside thy flowery groves and springs,
 And on thy lofty, lofty mountains' brow,
 May all thy sons and fair ones sing—

Be thou for ever, ever blest and free,
 The land of love and liberty !

From thee may future nations learn
 To prize the cause thy sons began ;
 From thee may future, future tyrants know,
 That sacred are the rights of man.

Be thou for ever, ever blest and free,
 The land of love and liberty !

Of thee may sleeping infancy
 The pleasing, wondrous story tell ;
 And patriot sage, in venerable mood,
 Instruct the world to govern well.

Be thou for ever, ever blest and free,
 The land of love and liberty !

May guardian angels watch around,
 From harm protect these new-born states,
 And all ye friendly, friendly nations join,
 And thus salute the child of fate—

Be thou for ever, ever blest and free,
 The land of love and liberty !

The Dying Soldier to his Sword.

FRIEND in the battle day,
 My father's sword and mine,
 I cast thee now away,
 For ever thee resign !
 The bitter conflict's past,
 This palsied arm doth shrink,
 Life's tide is ebbing fast,
 My spirits fade and sink.
 Yet, ere I breathe my last adieu,
 I turn to thee, companion true ;
 And, for the aid thou didst afford,
 I thank thee well, my own good sword !

Though dimm'd thy once bright blade,
 With foemen's blood imbruued,
 Thy strength is undecay'd,
 Thy courage unsubdued,
 When I am dead and gone,
 Thou'l gleam again on high,
 Some hand will bear thee on
 To deeds of victory.
 Yet, ere I breathe my last adieu,
 I turn to thee, companion true ;
 And, for the aid thou didst afford,
 I thank thee well, my own good sword !

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